EVEN CENTS A WEEK

MONDAY EVENING, September 17, the per-formance will commence with Thomas Noon Tal-ford's great tragedy of

EON, THE FOUNDLING. Ion, Miss Russu Denin; Adrastus, Mr. J. H. Taylor Medon, Mr. Janasgan; Cheriphon, Mr. Sheridan Phocion, Mr. Mortikori, Agonos, Mr. White; Tim-coles, Mr. Jonatoga; Crylles, Mr. Jones, Cic-mantho, Miss Lautra Ledberg; Alva, Mrs. Cortis.

HUNTING A TUBTLE. Livingson, Mr. Chaplin; Mr. Turtle, Mr. Timothy Dandellon, Mr. C. Hale; Smatter nes; Mrs. Turtle, Mrs. L. Plunkett.

NATIONAL THEATER .- JOHN BATES, Manager; J. G. Hanley, Stage Manager.

Positively the last night of MISS MAGGIE MITCHELL. First appearance of the celebrated American tra

J. B. ROBERTS.

THIS EVENING, September 17, will be presented Shakepeare's tragedy in five acts, entitled HICHARD III.

Bichard, Duke of Gloster, Mr. J. B. Boberts; Richmond, Mr. Hanley; King Henry VI., Mr. Hamblin; Buckingham, Mr. Rand; Lord Stanley, Mr. Irwin; Lord Mayor, Mr. S. Robson, Frince of Wales, Miss A. Henrads; Queen Elizabeth, Miss V. Howard; Lady Anne, Möss Addie Proctor, Duchess of York, Mrs. Laws. To conclude with the popular farce of BOUGH DIAMOND.

ousin Joe, Mr. Stuart Robson; Sir Wm. Evergreen, Mr. L. P. Ransi; Lord Plate, Mr. J. Herbert; Maggery, Mr. A. Proctor; Lady Plate, Miss Emma Wilton.

PRIGRS OF ADMISSION.—Private Boxes, 35; Dress Circle, 50c.; Orchestra Sests, 50c.; Family Circle, Sc.; Family Circle, Lady and Gent, 50c.; Parquette, nc.; Gallery, 15c.; Colored Boxes, 20c. Doors open at 7 o'clock; Performances commence at 8 o'clock.

The National Hotel, adjoining the Theater, is now open for the reception of guests. Rooms can be obtained by day or week, and meals furnished at

THE MONROE DANCING ASSOCIATION will give their
FIRST GRAND PARTY
Of the senson, at the MELODRON HALL, corner of
Yourth and Walunt-streets. Wednesday Evening, September 19, '60. G. Riebeler, Assistant Chief. self b*

Fair! Fair! Fair!

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THE CLASSES WILL BE RESUMED on MONDAY, the 3d of September next. No pupils are boarded in the Institution. TERMSI Cuition per Session of ten months. Cae of Philoso, blest Apparatus..... Use of Chemical Apparatus.....

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CITY SURVEYOR, No. 174 Vine-st., above Fourth, DO YOU WANT TO SELL ANY THINGS Advertise in the Dall Y PRESS, and you will have buyers in abundance. The PRESS has the largest circulation in the city.

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Cincinnati Daily Press.

VOL. IV, NO. 25.

CINCINNATI, MONDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 17, 1860.

PRICE ONE CENT

the inward. Commixture of what the super-ficial deem incongruous elements! Instruct-ive proof, how close are the founts of laugh-ter and tears! Thou fermenting brain—op-pressed, as yet, by its own riches."

A full recognition of his genius had he enjoyed ere, dying, he exclaimed: "Lordi— say, 'Arise, take up thy cross and follow me." He had heard of the Song of the Shirt sung in the streets of London; he had felt the universal throb of sympathy in response to the Bridge of Sighs, and had enjoyed the world's relish of his brightest and most felicitous flashes of humor.

"Think, sweetest, if my lids are not now wet, The tenderest tears lie ready at the brim, To see thine own dear eyes—so pais and dim-Touching my soul with full and fond regret."

Again:-

Again:—
"I grudge the common-place I have been obliged to write; every sentence should claim you as my own dear wife, the pride of my youth; the joy of my manhood, the hope of all my after days. Twice has the shadow of death come between us, but our hearts are preserved to throb against each other."

In spite of sickness and pain constantly hanging about him, we see Hood full of infinite funny fancies wherewith to amuse his children; full of cheerful counsel for his friends, and able to delight the world by his sallies of wit and the quaint power of his

sallies of wit and the quaint power of his pencil. An enforced absence from Englan I,

pencil. An enforced absence from England, to save money enough to pay his debts, does not darken his horizon a jot. He merely absorbs fun from among the Germans and sounds it out again in his Up the Rhine and Comic Annual. His publishers swindle him, but his pen is as feathery as ever and his heart is as light as his pocket. A cheerful Christianity sustains him, and an appreciative, tender, loving wife is ever by his side. His friends were many—from Charles Lamb

the Song."
The Memorials are full of fun, from begin-

The Memorials are full of fun, from beginning to end; turning over the leaves keeps one in a continuous ripple of a smile, and his name is almost synonymous with puns and punning;—yet as all noble things are touched with melancholy, the impression left by it is any thing but joyous. Of him, as of Cowper, can we say:

"With quiet sadness and no gloom, We learn to think upon him," as the story of his life is told, with its event-

ful yet changing current, light and dark by turns, yet reflecting the sunlight wherever there was a rift in the clouds.

The Microscope as a Means of Detecting Crime.

Some time since I read an article relative

"Am I his keeper?" the ominous reply of the first murderer! About daylight next morn-ing he was seen crossing a field where the corpse was found perhaps a day or two after-ward. He returned to his residence on Sun-

was taken off, accompanied by a lawyer, who was insurpassed in physical and moral cour-age by any other man I ever knew. When they arrived at Centerville, the excitement

age by any other man I ever knew. When they arrived at Centerville, the excitement was tremendous. All were clear that he was faulity; some said that if the accused would touch the corpse it would bleed. On On hearing this prognostication, his counsel compelled him to come up-stairs and touch

the cold body, in order to do away the sus-picion. He now appealed to the Court in eloquent terms that his client was innocent, because no blood issued from either of the

Long after this his trial came on at the country town of Fairfax, before Judge Dade

and an impartial jury of his own selection. The testimony was entirely circumstantial and indirect. But when the different links

of the chain were put together, it pointed with fatal certainty to the prisoner. The microscope helped greatly in tightening the rope around his neck.

That little fraction of a hair, mixed with

blood, connected with some of the identified money of the deceased, and other circum-

stances not now recollected, brought the guilty youth to the gallows. Afterward it appeared that the murdered man lay on the

ground through the whole night mortally wounded, but was able to implore and beg

his pursuer on Sunday morning to spare his

life; but acting on the principle "that the dead tell no tales," he stabled him seventeen

times until death closed the scene .- N. F.

LORENZO, THE MAGNIFICENT—HIS EXTRA-ORDINARY INCONSISTENCY.—A strange ex-istence, truly was that of Lorenzo! After working with all the power of his intellect and his will at the making of the new laws

sighteen wounds.

VARIETIES.

A man, named John Morrison, was re-cently fined \$500 for vagrancy by a St. Louis Charlotte Cushman is visiting Montreal; also Judge Haliburton, of London, the author of Sam Slick.

A valuable bed of iron ore is reported to have been discovered near Blairsville, In-diana County, Pennsylvania.

John A. Hooper, of Jackson County, N. C., was shot on Saturday, while returning

home from a saw-mill. As we rise from childhood to youth, we look with contempt on the toys and trifles upon which our hearts have hitherto been

A part of the bridge spanning the Juniata River between Hollidaysburg and Gaysport, fell the other day with a drove of cattle, injuring many fatally.

The Rev. Charles Kingsley, the author of Alton Locke, has been appointed Hon. Chaplain to the Civil Service Rifle Corps, of which the Prince of Wales is Colonel.

The people of Burlington, K. T., are much alarmed at a disease which has broken out among their cattle. It is similar in its effects to the pleuro-pneumonia.

Nothing definite has been determined as yet in regard to the alleged embezzlement of \$170,000 of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad company.

Sanford Sanborn, conductor on the western division of the New York and Eric Rail-road, fell from his train recently, and was

"I shall never get out of this scrape alive," as the hog said when they were rubbing the bristles off his back with clam-shells and bolling-water. Queen Victoria, when she travels to Bal-

moral from Edinburg, completes the journey comfortably in a single night, occupying a luxurious bed in a sleeping-car.

At Rood, England, recently, Edmund J. Gregg, though entirely innocent, confessed himself the murderer of a child, because he was weary of life.

Gov. Moore, of Alabama, finding the pententiary at Wetumpka too full, discharged the female convicts to make room for the

Wm. D. Totty, convicted of the murder of his sister-in-law at Richmond, Va., has been refused a new trial, and sentenced to be hung on the 3d of November.

A blacksmith, A. Blanchard, was murdered in Sacramento County, Cal., not long since, by two men, simply because he had gained a lawsuit against one of the villains. The City Council of Selma, Ala., have

passed an ordinance enacting that it shall not be lawful for any negro or mulatto to smoke a pipe or cigar in the streets. The German Turners of Boston have formed a Zouave Company and placed them-selves under command of a competent disci-

The Duke of Argyle thinks highly of Mrs H. B. Stowe—thinks she can't be spoiled; but the Duke does not approve of a woman appearing on a platform in public.

Alexander Pool, postmaster at "McKean's Old Stand," Westmoreland County, Pa., has been held in \$5,000 bail on a charge of robbing the mail on several occasions.

A woman, Jane Longly, was outrageously abused, and tarred and feathered the other day, at Romulus, Michigan, by a number of men, and some of her own sex.

Frederick Okies, a little chap no larger than Tom Thumb, was recently arrested in New York for drunkenness, having been

Shapley R. Phillips, probably the wealth-iest man in South-eastern Missouri, who mur-dered William D. Yergin last month, is in jail, awaiting the action of the Circuit Court. On the 13th ult, the infant daughter of the

Princess Frederick William was baptised at the new palace at Potsdam, by the court preacher, by the name of Victoria Elizabeth Augusta Charlotte.

In a court, speaking in a very harsh and loud voice, the lawyer employed on the other side exclaimed: "Fellow, why dost thou bark so furiously?" "Because," says the rustic, "I think I see a thief."

An old doctor said that people who were prompt in their payments always recovered in their sickness, as they were good cus-tomers, and physicians could not afford to

The "vigilance" of the people in the dis-turbed counties of Texas, is not abated. Every man not of well-known pro-elavery sentiments is likely to be driven out of the State.

The steamer Vicksburg, from Carolina Landing, arrived the other night at New Or-leans with 3,620 bales of cotton, being the largest amount received by any one boat this Hon. L. McCully, a graduate of Yale College, and afterward assistant editor of the New Haven (Conn.) Palladium, has been elected Speaker of the Hawaiian House of

depresentatives.

Thomas Hood died composing—and that, too, an humorous poem. He is said to have remarked that he was dying out of charity to the undertaker, who wished to urn a lively Hood.

A woman asked her gardener why the weeds always outgrew and covered up the flowers? "Madam," he answered, "the soil is mother of the weeds, but only step-mother of the

At Milan the adventures of Garibaldi are made the subject of a military ballet, in which the heroic leader dances and wields his saber amid the almost frantic plaudits of the

A non-resident of New Bedford, Conn., has just made his will, giving to the Frank-lin-street Christian Church \$2,090, and to the Christian Church at Steep Brook, \$1,000

The Tribune office, New Albany, Ind., was damaged by fire on Thursday morning. The job type and fixtures were consumed, and the engine and presses much damaged. Loss 5,500.

THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS IN ENGLAND. The Weather, says the Liverpool Times of the lat inst, although not all that could be expected, has been on the whole more favorable this week; we have had heavy rains at night, followed by brisk drying winds and sunshine during the day, and a good many fields have been resped in this neighborhood. The trade at the provincial corn markets, stimulated by the decided advance in Marklane, has been characterized by consideralane, has been characterized by considera-ble animation, and wheat has realized an ble animation, and whoat has realized an improvement, varying from one shilling to four shillings per quarter, according to the extent of supplies and demand. Spring corn also participates in the amendment. The trade here has ruled firm, but the business in wheat has not been on an extensive scate, attention being more directed toward sack flour, in which considerable transactions have taken place, and a few cargoes of French have found buyers cost and freight. The Garette's returns of wheat for the week ended 20th August are 80,688 quarters.

the Arabin from a Terrible Wreck. Dr. Smith, of Springfield, Mass., writes home the following graphic account of the narrow escape of the steamship Arabia from sudden and terrible wreck on Fasnet Rock. Cape Clear, of which a brief account has been given: Steamahip

Arabia-11 A. M., Friday, Steamship Arabia — 11 A. M., Friday, August 3, 1860.—In the midst of life we are in death. Just half an hour ago, while standing on the bow, the ship running four-teen knots an hour under steam and sails, in a thick fog, I heard a loud shout, "land ahead!" I turned toward the captain, or rather had my eye on him at that moment. His face could not have expressed more horry if he had seen hell's gates owned. He ror if he had seen hell's gates opened. He sprung to the engine-bell, at the same time houting "hard-a-port your helm." A counter order of "starboard" was given. The captain leaped from his footing, shouting so that his voice was heard above the escaping steam, "hard-a-port, in God's name." His order was obeyed. Then turning forward among a bubbub of voices, shouting "we are lost," "God have mercy on us," &c., I saw the rocks not twenty feet from the ship's boxes. On their ten was a light, house. As bows. On their top was a light-house, As we swung around, it seemed as if we should every moment feel the shock of striking. we swung around, it seemed as if we should every moment feel the shock of striking. The huge swell of the Atlantic was reverberating and the spray flying all around us. The sails took aback, heeling us over so that the deck stood up like the roof of a house. Women were screaming, seamen running to and fro, and, above all, the captain and lieutenants shouting so as to be heard above the shrill, escaping steam, "hard-a-port, hard, hard!" "Brace around the fore-yard!" "Let fly the halyards and sheets fore-and-aft!" I stepped abaft the foremast, to be out I stepped abaft the foremast, to be out e way of its fall, and waited for the

of the way shock. But "There's a sweet little cherub who sits up aloft And looks after the life of poor Jack." We approached, as all agree, within ten feet of the rock, and then began to recede. Just realize that there was only ten feet between us and eternity. It is the opinion of sea-faring men on board that the ship, if she had struck, would have sunk in five minutes, for it is a sharp ledge of rocks, it or search for it is a sharp ledge of rocks, six or seven miles from any shore, and deep water all around. The boats could not have been got ready, and, if they could, they never could have lived in the heavy surf. No—if she had gone ten feet farther, we should have had gone ten feet farther, we should have been almost instantly precipitated into a raging sea, where, six or seven miles from land, in a dense fog, few of us would have escaped. We should have all perished as miserably as did those in the Hungarian. Three seconds more would have tolled the death-knell of most, if not all of us, for we were so enveloped in fog, and far from land, and also no boat at the light-house, that if we had seized fragments of the wreck, they would have been torn from our grasp by the sea, boiling, as in a cauldron, over the sunken reefs, hours before our fate could have been known. I knew there was no time to run below for life-preservers—which are hung up by each life-preservers—which are hung up by each berth—and I contented myself with just stringing up my nerves for a buffet with the

For three minutes, I can assure you man showed what he is when expecting the "King of Terrors." Two or three ladies took it heroically and seem to draw in strength theroically and seem to draw in strength from the scene around them. It was a terrible moment for the captain—Captain Stone, of the royal navy—for as we swung around, the sails taking aback and heeling us over, every body expected to feel the grinding crash beneath our feet. I felt for him, for all his great rashness, and gladly say that to his decision in our hour of need we owe our lives. The rock is called Fasnet Rock, and upon it is the Cape Clear light-house. A subscription is now being taken up among the passengers for the seaman who first shouted "breakers ahead!" I never shall forget to my dying day the face of the captain when he heard that wild shout. I have seen distress and pain in all their forms, but never a face like that, so full of horror, pernever a face like that, so full of horror, per-fect agony, and crushing responsibility. The cry "breakers ahead," the stopping of the engines, the escape of the steam, and the shifting the helm, all occurred in one second. It seemed at the instant as if it was utterly impossible to stop the ship's way in the time to save us; but God rules. He put forth His hand, and the vessel trembling as if with mortal fear, yielded to her powerful engines receded from the rock, and we were saved.

Another Pen Portrait of Garibaldi-The Italian Dictator on Shipboard. An Englishman who made the voyage from Messina with Garibaldi, on board the

An Englishman who made the voyage from Messina with Garibaldi, on board the transport Amaran, gives this account of the appearance and manner of the man:

Panting and sweltering all of us were, idle and listless enough; but the General moved among the various groups upon deck with a kind and apt word for each of them, evincing that readiness of recognition, that perfect accuracy of recollection, that memory of men and things and circumstances, however trifling, which are ranked among the inmate privileges of royalty. He had on his usual dictatorial suit, consisting of the unfailing flannel shirt, with a silk bandanna kerchief thrown loosely and widely round the nack by way of a scarf, light gray trousers, and the modern wide-a-wake hat with the turn-up-brim.

The prodigious breadth of the General's shoulders, his colossal chest, and the natural dignity and lian-like majesty of his countrance, again and again incline a beholder to overrate his real stature, which is certainly not above the middle size. You must go near him by the standard

overrate his real stature, which is certainly not above the middle size. You must go near him, and measure him by the standard of common men, before you recover from the error into which awe for that commanding figure leads you. The hair, on a nearer inspection, is dark hazel, almost black, darker by far than the beard, which is tawny or reddish. He wears the hair rather long. The beard is full, and relieves the length of the oval face, which might otherwise be thought excessive. The temples are somewhat compressed about the region of the compressed about the region of the what compressed about the region or the eyes, and a very strong oblique depression is observable about the eyebrows. The cheekbones are high, and the nose comes down between them in a perfectly straight long line, even with the slightly stanting forehead. The complexion of that small part of the face which is not hidden by the beard is not merely browned or suppurped it has a not merely bronzed or sunburned—it has a peculiar sanguine hue, thickly studded with peculiar sanguine are, thicky studed with endless freekies. This remarkable tint the features, the color of the beard, joined to the calm, but deep expression of the dark eye, all contribute to give his countenance that unmatched character which won for Garibaldi the appellation of the "Lionface."

Supressed Trance in the South.—The New Orleans Bee, of late date, says: "There was considerable talk in the city concerning two cases where funerals had been postponed, one in the First and the other in the Second District, on account of the bodies retaining their warmth, and stories were rife of these being in a state of trance. In both of their being in a state of trance. In both cases dissolution has settled the fact of death, and the cause of this unusual warmth has been explained on natural reasons by the physicians, the heat of the weather and in-ternal inflammation being the principal

Frightful Scene at Sea-Narrew Escape of | Sophie and Mirabent Their First Acqualutance and Subsequent Intimacy.
A contributor to the New York Independent gives this account of a recent visit to the Fort de Joux, and of Sophie and Mira-

> Mirabeau arrived at Fort Joux on the 25th of May, 1775; from the Chateau D'II, where he had been detained, upon the application of his father, ten months. He was already twenty-six years old, and for the ten previous years had been the victim of a strange vious years had been the victim of a strange unrelenting persecution from the same quarter. He seems to have been a frequent guest at the apartment of M. St. Mauris, the commandant of the fort, and at the more aristocratic houses in the town. He was not long in forming tender relations of one sort and another in the neighborhood, but the most serious in all its consequences had its origin within the chuten, and at the had its origin within the chateau, and at the table of the commandant himself. Among the guests whom he met there one day at dinner, was Madame de Monnier, daughter of the President of Accounts of Burgundy, who had been sacrificed—her parents called who had been sacrificed—her parents called it a marriage—in her seventeenth year to the Marquis de Monnier, First President of the Chamber of Accounts of Dole, and more than sixty years ofage. Buffon, the famous naturalist, had been a suitor for the hand of this lady whea she was Mile, de Ruffy, but she did not entertain his proposals. He was forty-seven years her senior, and when he addressed her was rapidly attaining that eminence which years her senior, and when he addressed her was rapidly attaining that eminence which anabled him to place his wife on a level socially with the lirst ladies in Europe. She went farther, however, as the world would

say, and fared worse.

When she met Mirabeau at this dinner at the chateau, she was but twenty-one. She was wearied to death with her husband, who had married her more to pique a daughter who had taken a husband against her will, than from need of a wife, or from affection for his bride. She was not likely, there-fore, to be indifferent to the attentions of a young man of noble family, and so subduing in all his ways as Mirabeau. Nor was the prisoner himself any less susceptible. The man who came out of the prison at Viucennes more fleshy and taller after forty-two conths' imprisonment than when he entered months' imprisonment than when he entered it, whose hair was so charged with elec-tricity that his physicician consulted it as he would the pulse of an ordinary parson, and whose notions of duty, like his politics, were revolutionary, was not long in finding where, at the commandant's table on that occasion, his attentions were likely to be best rewarded. Madame de Monnier's charms are conceded to have been of no ordinary character. According to her lover's state-ment, she had the nose of a Roxelana, slightly retrouze, without, however, any acerbity of expression. Her eyes were soft fascinating, and modest. She had black hair. Tenderness and sweetness breathed through every thing she did, with an air of ingenousness. She was naive, gay, and sensible; frolicsome as a child. But when touched with passion, she acquired the courage, resolution, and fortitude of a heroine. "If I had not found in her a

courage, resolution, and fortitude of a heroine. "If I had not found in her a Venus," Mirabeau wrote on one occasion, "I should have taken her for a Juno."

The acquaintance thus commenced seemed to have progressed so rapidly before the dinner was over as to alarm St. Mauris, who, though nearly as old and ugly as de Monnier, was himself not without some pretensions to the unoccupied heart of the Marchioness, and the consequence was that he refused her personal application made on the spot, to permit Mirabeau to go to Pontarlier the following day. Not long after, however, they encountered each other in the street of Pontarlier, and made an appointment to meet at a fete champetre, to be given a couple of miles distant the next day, at which he had permission to assist. The decided preference shown for his prisoner on this occasion by "Sophie," for that is the name by which she is known to history, led the commandant to put restrictions upon Mirabeau's visits to the town, but the fetes for the consecration of Louis XVI were at hand, and the commandant, for the gratification of his venity wanted Mirabeau to be the witness the commandant, for the gratification of his vanity, wanted Mirabeau to be the witness and historiographer of the consider and historiographer of the occasion, brought the lovers together for the time. Mirabeau was a witness of the com-mandant's glory, and wrote a pamphlet about it, which is still in existence some

The acquaintance for the next six or eight months grew more and more intimate, until finally St. Mauris gave orders again for his prisoner's close confinement, upon the pre-text that he had been contracting new debts, one of the pretended causes of his original

imprisonment, Extraordinary Sailing-The Wherry Man

The Newport (R. I.) News states that a The Newport (R. 1.) News States that a half-deck, one-mast sailboat, called the Mirage, arrived at that port on Tuesday from Norfolk, Va., which place she left Monday, September 3, having made the passage day, September 3, having made say partial in eight days. Her "officers and crew" were Captain S. Dayton, her owner, a young man who having a mind for a pleasure-trip to who having a mind of acwho having a mind for a pleasure-trip to Newport, devised this novel method of ac-complishing it. The boat not being pro-vided with the conveniences for a stove, his supply of provisions for the "voyage" was hald in ready cooked, consisting of bread, corned beef, &c., with a supply of water to wash it down. His manner of sleeping was to lower his sail, "stop" it down, hang out light, turn in, and, to use his own expression, "let her roll." His sleeping accommodations consist of a blanket spread upon the bottom of the boat, under deck, with a pillow

He does not mention having made a harbor but once, which was at Greenport, East end of Long Island, Saturday, after the setting in of the violent northeaster which prevailed here. From there he got under weigh Sunhere. From there he got under weigh Sun-day morning, and during the day the boat was knocked over by a squall, when thirty-six miles from land, filling it half full of water, and washing every thing movable off the deck overboard, including his oars. The whole distance sailed was about 500 miles, and Captain Dayton estimates the sailing time of the voyage at seventy-five hours. The dimensions of the boat are—length twenty-two feet, breadth nice feet. Cantain The dimensions of the book are—sength wenty-two feet, breadth nine feet. Captain Dayton designs visiting Providence with his boat during his stay, and resurning to Norfolk by way of Long Island Sound, thence by sea from Sandy Hook to the Capes of Viccini

The Indiscreet Servant and Epicene Friend,—A gentleman who had carefully trained up his servant in the way he wanted him to go, so that he might at all times be an efficient aid in helping him to pull the wool over his wife's eyes, sent him one day with a box ticket for the opera to the house of a certain yours lady.

of a certain young lady.

The servant returned when the gentle man and his wife were at dinner. He had of course, been told, in giving answers to certain kinds of messages, to substitute the masculine for the feminine pronoun in speaking of a lady. lady. "Did you see him!" asked the gentleman,

giving him the cue.

"Yes, sir," replied the servant, "he said he'd go with a great deal of pleasure, and that he'd wait for you, sir."

"What was he doing?" asked the wife,

Continue or a state and of course for constitution of the constitution

The Battle of Bennington-Interesting Something about Poor Hood the Poet. The Philadelphia Evening Bulletin says: Before the Memorials were published the world knew Thomas Hood as a humorist, and as the author of poetry so pathetic that its range was as wide as Stakespeare or Burns. A reviewer had caught the idea of his nature when he was but a youth, and had called him—"Our new Ovid!—only more imaginative—Painter to the visible eye—and the inward. Commixture of what the superficial deem incongruous elements! Instruct-

The following correspondence, we extract from the New Haven (Conn.) Journal and Courier:

A few days ago I made a visit to the battle-ground where was fought the Battle of Bennington, on the 16th of August, 1777. It is located about eight miles from Bennington, near the village of Hoosick. There is noth-ing about the ground to mark its former glory, no monument rises to tell the stranger and the tourist that this is the spot where the Green Mountain Boys, under the com-mand of Stark and Warren, gained a victory mand of Stark and Warren, gained a victory which gave new life, new hope to the Americans! On reaching the battle ground, I perceived that the place selected was once well calculated for an earnest contest for life and liberty. Rising to my right and stretching far away to the mountains, were hills and forests, farms loaded with rich yielding rye, and every-thing having the aspect of peace and prosperity. At the foot of the battle-ground runs the musical stream, Walloomsoick.

world's relish of his brightest and most felicitous flashes of humor.

But until the work of his son Thomas and daughter Frances had been lovingly completed and given to the public, we had no knowledge of the beauty of his character as a man; of his tenderness as a lover, husband and father; of his stardy honesty and his generous patriotism. The Memorials touch one's heart very nearly on these points. We find him writing his most graceful poems in honor of his lady-love; we see him mourning the death of his first child and preserving a tiny curl of his golden hair; we read his lover-like words to his wife, as thus:

"Think, evertest, If my lids are not now wet. Walloomsoick.

History claims that there may yet be found gome traces on this field of battle, which definitely point to the tourist the glory of other days. I must confess I saw nothing that would lead me to suspect that a battle had ever been fought. True, I saw the different points where the two armies were stationed, yet. I deeply regretted that this interesting spot should be so entirely desolate of all that honor and fame for which the grounds were used. On returning to Bennington, I halted for a few moments to view the spot where General Stark delivered his phillipic speech, previous to giving battle that the state of the state of the state of the same content of the sam Walloomsoick. view the spot where General Stark delivered his phillipic speech, previous to giving battle to the Red Coats. It is related that he mounted a gate by the road-side, which now opens into a farm, and from that position, he gave vent to the following: See these ment these are the Red Coats! Before night they are ours, or Molly Stark will be a widow!" This was received with tremendous chearing by the Green Mountain Roys.

dous cheering by the Green Mountain Boys, who fully proved by their heroic deeds, that Molly Stark should yet enjoy years of comfort, with her brave and daring partner. In the long street of Bennington Center, a short distance from the Church, still stands the old Cetemount Tayers, so noted in his the old Catamount Tavern, so noted in his-tory for the scenes enacted there during the trials of '76. It is a low, two-story building, of the ancient style, and has the appearance of age and decay. No stranger can look upon it without perceiving this. Here was held the counsel of safety during the war. Among the prominent actors were—Gen. Stark and Ethan Alleu. Here was also held a counsel of war, previous to the battle of Bennington. The British officers (Baume Bennington. The British officers (Baume and others) had engaged dinner on the 16th of August, 1777. The good dame had got a capital meal ready and was anxiously waiting for Baume and his companions, feeling no doubt that the enemy would be successful. At evening she heard the clatter of horses, and the shout of the men, and she hurried to give the enemy a proper reception. But what must have been her surprise when instead of entertaining the enemy she had the what must have been her surprise when in-stead of entertaining the enemy she had the joy to feast Gen. Stark and his noble officers —while they who had ordered the dinner, weere either taken prisoners or had fied for safety. It was here that Col. Baume was brought as a prisoner of war, and also, soon after died from wounds received in the bat-

A very interesting anecdote is related of Gen. Ethan Allen, who resided at Benning-ton, for several years. Allen, though a heroic soldier, was a confirmed infidel, and paid little or no respect to the church. On paid little or no respect to the church. On one occasion happening into the village church, he listened to a long prayer by the minister, exalting the brave deeds of various officers, who had fought for their country, but much to the surprise of Gen. Ethan Allen, his name was not mentioned, and being a very eccentric man, he immediately rose, and in a deep shrill voice, pointing to the minister, said: "Parson, please say I was there!" and instantly left the church.

At the homestead of Mr. George Robinson, I bed the pleasure of examining several old several old relics. I am informed that they in the family since the war. Among them is the cooking stove used by Gen. Baume, in camp-life, which is rusty with age, and has the appearance of once doing good service. The chief object of interest was the sword of Gen. Baume; this was bought by Mr. R.'s grandtather on the field of battle, for a trifle. It is a very long sword; the case is tipped with silver, and the guard to the hand is of the lest steel; the blade is saw-like in several places, (from hard use) and there are spots of blood to be seen. It must have

spots of blood to be seen. It must have been used by a powerful man, as its weight is enormous, when we compare it with our modern sword.

A most interesting story is related (which I shall give though I can not vouch for its truth) of a British spy. Just previous to the Battle of Bennington, the British wishing to can some important information, but ing to gain some important information, but from fear of being detected, did not know from fear of being detected, did not know what course to pursue. A very beautiful lady, an expert horsewomen, the wife of an English officer, with that heroic courage which the true woman possesses, offered to go and obtain the desired information. She soon appeared dressed in white, mounting a black charger, having received her orders, bid adieu and hastened ou her errand. She forded the stream, Walloomscolck, rode by the Americans' position, and gained the true locality of the enemy. She then started for the Camp, again forded the stream, and with a heart beating with hope, she soon expected. the Camp, again forded the stream, and with a heart beating with hope, she saon expected to give the desired news. A party of American soldiers, who were hid in the bushes near by, perceived her actions, and guessed the object of her visit. They hesitated at first what to do, yet they felt should she reach the camp all would be lost—another moment and she would be out of danger. The word "Fire!" was given, and the felt from her boyes dand, and was after. danger. The word "Fire!" was given, and she fell from her horse dead, and was after-ward buried by the English soldiers. This shows American integrity over feeling, and, if true, was an act of firm courage.

A Young Woman Gains a Prize in a Plow-A rather unusual circumstance occurred at

A rather unusual circumstance occurred at a plowing-match which lately took place at Vauguerey, Rhone, a young woman, about nineteen, driving a pair of oxen, presenting herself as one of the competitors. At first some objections were raised as to her admission, but, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, they were set aside. Marie Chirat, which is the name of the young girl in question, had the misfortune to lose her father about ten months ago. He had a lease of a farm at a rent of 2,000 francs a year, and when he died left a widow, a little boy and Marie. The daughter, feeling that to quit the farm in the middle of the lease would be the ruin of the family, told her mother not to be cast down, for that she would undertake to work the land. She applied herself strennously to the work, and working with all the power of his intellect and his will at the making of the new laws which should crush out some last remnant of liberty,—after using his influence to obtain some new decree of confiscation or sentence of death,—he would enter the Platonic Academy, and dispute with vehemence or virtue and the immortality of the soul; issuing thence, and mingling with a company of utterly depraved young men, he would sing his "Canti Carnascialeachi," or Carnival songs (of influence celebrity), and give himself up to wine and women; then return home again, and at table, in the Society of Pulci and Politian, recite verses and discourse on poetry; and to each of these pursuits he gave himself up so wholly, that each seemed to be the sole aim of his life. But the strangest thing of all is, that in the midst of such a multiform existence, not a single action can we flud stamped with true virtue and generosity, olther toward his people, his intimates, or his kindred; and surely, was the case otherwise, his indefatigable panegyrists would hardly have neglected to record it. applied herself strennously to the work, and was soon pronounced the best conductor of a plow in the commune. The opinion was confirmed at the public competition, as the principal prize was awarded to her. She returned home in triumph to her mother, accompanied by a party of her female friends, who presented her with a large bouquet. This incident produced a very deep impression among the crowd of persons at the meeting, who manifested the highest respect and even veneration for a girl who, from a feeling of sincere devotedness to her family, had adopted an occupation so contrary to her habits and education. applied herself strennously to the work, and

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by to a man who was convicted of murder chiefly by the evidence collected by the wonderful powers of the microscope. A case somewhat similar came under my own knowledge. In 1825, a youth resided in a small town in

Loudon County, Virginia, who was a bar-keeper of a tavern; he became a confirmed gambler. He set off one day on horseback Thos. W. Farrin & Co. FF Yard on Freeman street, opposite George

on a traveling tour, with a person whom he knew to have in his possession a large sum of money, and before he started, armed himself secretly with a pistol, at the muzzle of FRUIT TREES! FRUIT TREES! THE SUBSCRIBER WOULD DALL the attention of those desirous of planting Fruit and Ornamental Trees, to his large stock. He for sale this fall and spring a fine asserment of which a small dagger was attached. On Saturday night they arrived at Centerville, in Fairfax County. After supper they left the bouse, and in a short time the young man returned without his companion. When the landlord asked for him, the answer was, "Am I his keeper?" the ominous really of the

He for sale this fall and spring a fine assorment of Apple.

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ward. He returned to his residence on Sanday, and I conversed with him within thirty hours after his hands were reeking with blood; he seemed gay and cheerful as ever. He was arrested on suspicion, and in his trunk was found the pistol, which, to the naked eye, displayed no marks of blood. When, however, the microscope was applied, it was clearly visible, and also a very small portion of one of the hairs of the dead man's whisker, which was of red color. He was taken off, accompanied by a lawyer, who CINCINNATI DISTILLERY S. N. Pike's Magnolia Whisky.

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